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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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How Sleep The Brave

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod
By fairy hands the knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray
To deck the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!
—William Collins.

Memorial Day and What It Means

When spring, the enchantress, has put her spell upon the south in the fullness of its beauty—when the red earth, gashed and bare, has covered its deformity and dearth with the verdure and bloom of bounteous nature, and nowhere in all the land is sadness—then it is that the warm heart of Dixie, mellowed to sweet melancholy by memory, offers upon the soldier's grave the sacred tribute of flowers.

In the rush of the fresh season's joy with our souls attuned to the song of bird and bee, and pulsing with the gracious influence of vegetable life, it is well that we turn thus briefly from the sunshine of living to the shadow of the tomb. The brave who make eternal bivouac in the soil of the motherland for which they died, left the smile of a perfect day and the warmth of human love, to go down into the valley of the dark shadow to make the patriot's supreme sacrifice. The little white headstones thick-dotted the green sward where they sleep, stand for desolated homes and broken hearts. They were men before they were heroes, and a grateful country can place them on no pedestal higher than the hearthstone. It is this that quenches the glory in the pathos of war. The epic tragedy cannot be dissociated from human nature.

The years are many since the turf was heaped on those graves, and the shock and pain of their death has, even as the spring covers nature's scars with leaf and blossom, long ago been mollified by time—softened memories and living hopes. But when, with muffled drums and relic battle flags, we wend our solemn way with the graybeards who wore the gray and the maidens who bear the flowers to the place where the little white tombstones swam, let the thought of the sleepers below as fathers, sons, brothers, neighbors and friends impress us with the true import of Memorial day and the full extent of war's sacrifice, and thinking thus of the dead, we will pay the greater homage of our tears. The personal aspect of the thing is the essence of sympathy. The realism of battle is terrible beyond words, and the moral of a soldier's grave is sad enough.

And while with tender reverence we watch the hands of maidenhood and childhood strew roses on those obliterated mounds, let us look beyond physical suffering and severed ties, considering at this late day what these martial martyrs died for. Not to ask, "Was it worth while?" The logic of history will answer that question. Nor need we make analysis of motives. The men who followed the Stars and Bars through the gates of death with the "rebel yell" on their tongues fell for a great principle. Whether that principle has been repudiated or vindicated by time, matters not. It is enough to know that they fought a loyal fight and kept faith with their convictions. Above all, they fell as patriots in arms.

In this era of bloodless Commercialism, when war is justified only by commercial advantage, it is well to take home the noble lesson in patriotism taught us by the heroes of the early sixties. There are many hollow platitudes in this connection, but it remains as an eternal truth that the insurgent army struggling for southern independence and the preservation of the federal constitution, dared and suffered more for home and country, and by the same token, for patriotic principles, than any patriot army from Thermopylae to Modder River. The brave men in its ranks sacrificed all for the cause with a consecration and pertinacity that made the world stand spell-bound. Their surrender was the grandest moral victory in the annals of war.

The south suffered. What she has become has cost her pain and toil

without measure. She has learned her lesson, and the light of love on her dauntless face is tinged with a reminiscent sorrow. But the "new south," if you please, has never progressed to that degree of bloodless materialism where memory dies and sentiment is sneered at. She has never, Peterlike, denied the cause that was led away to crucifixion after Appomattox. She has harbored, all these years, a love for a proscribed memory, and the graves of her gallant defenders who went down in hopeless defeat are her altars.

The south of today, resourceful and self-assertive as she is, bustling, busy, with little of the provincial left, finds time to make patriotic holiday in commemoration of the deeds of her confederate soldiers, and reverently bares her head as the bright chaplets press the grasses where the silent army rests. This is well. The south has not forgotten. She is loyal to the traditions of the fathers and will guard till the judgment day the fame of the men who followed the conquered banner.

No rancor is left in the memory or is attached to this anniversary. Sectional enmity could not survive the conditions that have arisen in the south since the war. Dixie has forgiven with right good will. The fraternal unity as well as the physical oneness of the late warring sections has become an undeniable reality. There are no sections now, outside of the buncombe of partisanship.

As for the old soldiers themselves, they lead in liberality. What they endured, and its aftermath, has broadened them, and now, as they look across the river to the shade of the everlasting trees they view the past dispassionately, without regret. Sometimes they are so filled with fraternity that they wonder what it was all about, anyhow. They love the great republic, and Mason and Dixon's whilom line has grown as mystical to them as the magnetic pole.

As each year removes us further from that fratricidal strife, let southerners remember that their duty to surviving veterans increases as the infirmities of age multiply. It is not enough to honor our heroic dead and jealously guard history from perversion. The broken soldier of the confederacy is with us. He has worried along somehow without asking much verbal gratitude from his fellow countrymen, but he needs a helping hand now. He has grown old, as he has to admit when he counts the years since the day that tried the south's proud soul. He feels his growing feebleness. Age of itself is pitiable, but age with abject poverty is sad enough to draw tears from heaven. We must save this old warrior from the fangs of the gaunt wolf, and save him without making him feel we are bestowing charity. There can be no charity in his case. He rose manfully to the emergency when the stricken southland called him. He asked no question as to hire, or bounty, or pension. He thought not of nor cared for the future. He only fought—and how he fought! God bless him. If he attain to the year of Methusalem, we of the latter generation could never pay him interest on the debt of gratitude we owe him. We must be good to this grand old man about to lie down in immortal bivouac with his spirit comrades.

The flowers bloom and the feathered songsters sing this blessed spring day for the soldier asleep and the soldier nodding as the hour grows late. Nature is kind to them, and we will vie with her in kindness. Tears for the fallen brave, and for the veteran numbed with the wintry years, a cushioned seat in the ingle-nook of the south's love.—R. W. McAdam, in Georgia School Helper.

The Success Family

The father of success is work.
The mother of success is ambition.
The oldest son is Common Sense.
Some of the other boys are: Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, Co-Operation.

The oldest daughter is Character.
Some of the sisters are: Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, Harmony.
The baby is Opportunity.—
London Opinion.

The Origin of Memorial Day

In most of the Northern States of the Union, May 30th is set apart by statute as a day for decorating the graves of the soldiers who fell in the different wars of the United States and for holding exercises in their memory, in order that their sufferings and heroisms may never be forgotten.

The custom of strewing flowers on the graves originated in the South. Two years after the Civil War, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

"The Blue and the Gray," written by Francis Miles Finch, was inspired by this act.

Early in May, 1868, General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order in which the thirtieth of May was set apart "for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating, the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion." He added that, "It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed."

This purpose has been achieved. The State legislatures soon took up the idea, and the day is now a legal holiday through practically the whole North.

The South has no general Memorial Day. April 26th is observed in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi; May 10th in North and South Carolina; May 30th in Virginia; and June 3d in Louisiana.

Poppy is Adopted Memorial Day Flower by American Legion

The American Legion has adopted the poppy as its Memorial day flower. On May 30th thousands of tiny red silk flowers will be distributed throughout America by the legion and other patriotic organizations.

The poppies—exact replicas of those which "blow on Flanders fields"—were made by war orphans of America and French children's league. They were brought to America by Mme. Anna E. Guerin, who founded the legion for the purpose of perpetuating the friendship between the nations which had its inception on the battlefield. The poppy is the Legion's national emblem, and the children are the self-constituted guardians of graves of the American soldiers dead in France.

Sword Worthy of Owner

Among the relics of the Pilgrims few are more interesting than the sword of Miles Standish. It may be seen in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth.

It is a Damascus blade and presumably came into the possession of the Pilgrim captain from someone whose ancestors had brought it from the Crusades.

It bears several curious inscriptions which waited until June, 1881, to be translated. Then Prof. James Rosedale of Jerusalem went with a band of Arabs to Plymouth and found that the carved characters belonged to different dates—some in Cufic and very old.

He was only able to translate one, of a latter period, in Arabic. The words given here show that its spirit was quite appropriate to the spirit of the Pilgrims:

"With peace God ruled his slaves. And with the judgment of His arms He troubled the Might of the wicked."—Ex.

One of the finest things in life is making father and mother comfortable and happy in their declining years.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Stedemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.
The deaf cordially invited.

Production of Paraffine Wax.

By JAS. L. PATTERSON.

The principal crude oils from which paraffine wax may be extracted are the Pennsylvania, Mid-Continent, Somerset, Mexican and North Texas. Those various crudes yield approximately twenty-five per cent of the wax distillate. In the earlier periods of the wax making business the separation of wax from distillate was done by hand work. The pressing was done by filling canvas bags with chilled distillate. These bags were placed between wooden rocks with some heavy weight placed on top to squeeze the oils out of the wax.

Later the hydraulic press was used; this press was filled with chilled distillate, which was chilled in boxes with artesian water. After being chilled, it was taken from the boxes in carriages holding about five hundred pounds each, to the hydraulic press. This was dumped in a canvas placed on wooden racks; the canvas being large enough to fold over.

There were thirty-five of these racks to a press. The oil was pressed out by using about 20,000 pound hydraulic pressure, leaving the wax between the canvases, and this wax was scraped from the canvases and put in barrels as crude scale wax.

With our present equipment the distillate is chilled by pumping through chilled machines cooled by brine to a very low temperature by refrigeration. When the wax distillate is chilled to the proper temperature, it is pumped through filter presses which consist of about five hundred plates covered with canvas with a five-inch hole in the centre.

The distillate is pumped through the canvas at a pressure of 450 pounds. The oil filters through the canvas into a trough to the storage tanks to be later delivered to the stills. The wax remains in the press and is knocked down by two men with iron paddles, who scrape the wax from the canvas into a screw conveyor, and it is then carried to the storage tank in a solidified form and is known as slack wax. We have thirty-seven filter presses with a capacity of 10,000 barrels of distillate per day.

This slack wax is then melted up and pumped to the treating house, from which it is pumped to the sweaters. A sweater consists of a number of pans with coils in them that are used for cooling and sweating. The coils around the sides of the sweaters are used for heating only. The slack wax is pumped into those pans and chilled by pumping water through the coils until the proper temperature is obtained. Sweating is started by pumping warm water through the coils. The temperature of the water and room must be gradually increased, causing the oil to separate from the wax. The oil now coming off is known as "foots oil," and is delivered back to the distillate.

The wax remaining in the pans is melted by turning loose steam into the pans and is known as crude scale wax, with about one per cent of oil. The crude scale, to be prepared for shipment is taken up by a huge water cooler roller dipping into a pan of wax. As the wax chills on the roller, it is scraped off by blades along the sides and is packed into bags or barrels for shipment.

Refined wax is made from crude scale by pumping again into the sweaters and repeating the sweating process, separating the different melting points as they run off. This sweating is continued until and yellow color and all traces of impurities of oil have left the wax. From here it is filtered by pumping through filters filled with fullers earth, which removes any remaining color or impurities. It is now ready to deliver to the Candle Factory for the manufacture of candles or to be moulded into cakes.

The cakes are moulded either by running wax into aluminum pans set in racks and water cooled, or by filling into presses. A press consists of three hundred water-jacketed moulds, which form the cakes in two and a half or three hours. These cakes are then packed into bags and cases as the trade requires and delivered to all parts of the world.

OREGON—WASHINGTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Lysle Fowler have moved to Oswego, a Portland suburb, in anticipation of a wonderful event in family life.

Ralph Pickett is working as a strike breaker in the longshoremen strike in Portland.

Otha V. Minnick, forty, laborer, smelled gas as he entered his home at 609 Wall Street, Seattle. He lit a match. You can guess the rest. He was picked up fifteen feet away. The city hospital reports he will recover.

Arthur Martin, 24, and Rose Clarys, 19, were married in Seattle on April 28th. They have great faith and the courage to back up their faith, because A. M. has not had steady work.

Frances Robinson, she of the wonderful auburn hair and clear complexion, is back with the Koeny Candy Company at Seattle.

Alva Allen, very probably, is now on his way to Wichita, Kansas, to visit his aged and infirm mother. He is a boy who divides his wages with his mother. On his return he will very probably again get married.

Mr. Griffen died at his parental home in Wyoming, April 27th. The operation in Portland did not do any harm.

Adolph and Anna Mary Schneider, brother and sister, born in Germany, partly educated there and in Ohio and Washington, have finally had their title to the twelve acres they have lived on for years made clear by court order. Neighbors, fearing they might be defrauded, saw to it that they were protected. The aged mother of Claire Reeves and Eunice Reeves Lawrence helped as a friend and interpreter.

C. R. Lawrence hopes to beat the W. S. S. D. team with his corner lot nine on May 30th. But Coach Hunter has an ace or two up his sleeve.

C. R. Lawrence acts as a baseball coach to the pupils of the Washington School near his shop. The S. F. L. Club met at the country home of Eva E. J. Reeves, Minnebach, near Vancouver, on May 10th.

Eighteen were present, of course, it was an enjoyable affair. The cats were perfection, for not a bit was left for the cats or the purr. I am making a prediction—Claire Reeves will buy the five acres adjoining his place on the east, some time in the future.

Philip Henry Divine is still footing the two miles and more between his highland prune ranch and the business center of Vancouver. So long as he eats meagerly, he is all right. But when tempted by the pots of his granddaughter-in-law of an unbeatable cook, he is liable to get dizzy and fall. But being Irish, falls and a pulse rate of 32 to the minute fails to keep him off this whirling globe.

Theodore C. Mueller wants to go east to a hot and dry climate to heat and boil the pains and ennui out of his brain. Whatever any one else may say, he knows he is wonderful stupid.

Claire Reeves can not resist women. He staid at the house to watch the S. F. L. Club at work or play. His chix outdoors got almost sunstruck from the heat of the brooder lamp. Another time he turned up the burner and the chix got beautifully smoked. Oh! no, not one died on either occasion, but no thanks to C. R.

Mrs. Mabel Scoulan Linde's mother is visiting her.

Jake Garberson or Garbarino has been laid off at the coo-perage.

W. L. Redmond writes from the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, Westerville, O., asking for information about Thomas Cavanaugh. He is working somewhere in Portland, and the girl and boy are with him. His wife, Hattie Palmer, a product of the Ohio School, who has been separated from him for about six years, has been at the Home for two years. Further information in another letter.

Claire and Eva Ellen Johnson Reeves went to Seattle, May 12th, to attend the funeral of Eva's sister.

Hugo Holcomb is practicing composition and press work in the shop of L. O. Christenson, during his

annual vacation from work in the Navy Yard at Bremerton.

Lewis O. Christenson wants to have a vacation this year, so he can go out and have the freedom of nature among the mountains. He deserves it.

Alf. Waugh seems so far to be making it on his high priced diked place east of Portland. Here's hoping he will arrive.

THEO C. MUELLER.
VANCOUVER, WASH.,
May 12, 1922.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT.

St. Ann's Church, every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. Holy Communion 1st Sunday each month 3 P.M. and 2d Sunday each month 9 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday 3 P.M. Except first Sunday of the month.

Services at Newburgh, at Stamford and other places, by appointment.

Office Hours at Guild House: Mornings, 9 to 12; evenings, 7 to 8 30; except Monday and Thursday.

REV. JOHN H. KENT,
511 West 148th Street,
New York City.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. G. DANTZER, Pastor, 3236 N. 16th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eight St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.
Mrs. J. M. KEITH, Mute Interpreter

Sabbath School—10 A.M.

Sermon—11 A.M.

Prayer meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

WE SHOULD NOT FORGET

the 25,000 starving children in Armenia



Your donation is needed badly

President Cloud of the National Association of the Deaf has given his endorsement.

Churches, lodges and clubs can do much good.

NEAR EAST RELIEF,
151 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Advertisement donated by
THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

BOSTON.

Mrs. Sadie Williams was taken to a hospital for a slight operation, but is now on the road of recovery.

Mr. Baker was at Upham's Corner Hospital to have a tumor removed. He is now home again.

Mrs. Rosa Finney is still on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Kornblum were invited to visit Lawrence, and incidentally help celebrate their cousin's twentieth birthday. They went in their brother's machine. They got there all right, but after the party they discovered that some one had stolen the car. They were obliged to return in a small car.

The next day the Lawrence police phoned that they had found the car. Five High Class boys were caught and punished by being sent to jail for six months.

Mrs. L. Blanchard held a Tie and Apron party at Trinity Church, April 28th.

The L. A. whist party was held at Mrs. Chapman's residence, Salem, on May 6th, 1922, and we are glad to say that the \$1,000 for the Building Fund has been reached, and before June 1st, too. We hope some kind hearts will send donations to Mrs. C. Cross, 8 Spring Street, Beverly, Mass. Contributions are always welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Mercer have just returned from California to make their home in dear old Boston.

Mrs. R. Williams gave a whist party at her residence April 22d, for the Northampton Endowment Fund, and cleared about fifty dollars.

Mrs. C. Trowt has her hands full in taking care of chickens. It seems she has gone in the poultry business in real earnest.

The Stamford, Ct., Fair will take place on June 10th.

Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Blanchard are planning to go to Cape Cod Canal, and from there to Connecticut. Hope they will not get lost.

The Massachusetts Benevolent Association of the Deaf have organized a baseball team, and are playing every Saturday and Sunday afternoons. They engaged in a real spirited game last Saturday with a hearing team, and won by the score of 11 to 1.

On May 20th Mrs. Perry gave a whist party to raise funds to defray expenses of tickets, etc., and on September 23d Mrs. Clark expect to give another one.

Those who wish to attend the whist party at Mrs. Perry's residence will meet at North Station, near the telephone booths, between 6 and 6:30 P.M. The trains leave at 6:45 and 6:55 P.M. sharp.

Admission to the party, including refreshments, will be 35 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Simon have gone to Canada, and are advising the Jewish Deaf of the Dominion Province to improve their club.

On May 30th, the L. A. will take charge of the outdoor party at the Home. Mrs. Clark is supervising things. Come all and make it a success.

May 16th was the tenth anniversary of the Frats. Members and their wives gathered together and celebrated the event.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Clark have the sympathy of their numerous friends on the sudden death of Mr. Clark's father, which occurred on May 4th.

Miss Florence Wetmore gave a whist party at Quincy Club House, May 5th, for the Northampton Endowment Fund. Although the attendance was small, about forty dollars was cleared.

Mr. Carlisle, of Maine, preached to the deaf in Salem on Mother's Day, May 14th.

The Camp Fire Girls gave a whist party at Fox Hall, May 13th, and on May 29th will give a dance at the same hall.

The B. A. D. played a game of baseball with a hearing team recently, and were beaten 13 to 9. However, the game was very exciting and well played on both sides.

F. K.

Even if you are sure you are right, don't make the mistake of feeling that the whole world is wrong. It's an unhealthy slant to take.

NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1922.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 183d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published. It contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, - \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, - 2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publications, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Not concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

What is Meant by Education

We pity the starved soul that can hear nothing but the jingle of dollars, see nothing but the warehouses and bales of merchandise, and think nothing but price-lists and compound interest. So long as God's world is beautiful we shall believe in a liberal, cultural education.

So long as Greek art presents forms that delight the eye, and Roman law trains the mind to a conscious superiority of intellectual acumen; so long as Hebrew religion awakens a faith that lays hold on eternal verities and makes altruism not simply a duty but a joy and inspiration, so long shall we be in favor of having our youth dwell for a few glad years with the seers and the sages.

If it does not make them better business men, a proposition by the way which is far from proven, it will broaden their outlook, deepen their capacity to enjoy, strengthen their grip on what is best and noblest, and make life really worth living.

We believe in giving those who must soon leave school to go out and earn their livelihood as best they may, all the aids to culture we possibly can; for it is probably their last chance to get them. When they ask bread let us not give them a stone. The swing of the pendulum is now toward that which is purely practical. But a swinging pendulum returns to the other side, and finally maintains an equilibrium.

Let us guard in these days against the spirit and attitude of the hard-fisted old New England farmer who said one day to his wife, as he pointed to her beautiful blossom-laden window plants, "I don't see what them things are good for, you can't eat 'em nor drink 'em."—Education.

BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and the National Association of the Deaf have instituted a joint Bureau of Investigation to inquire into the merits of investments that may be offered the deaf, and about which information and advice may be desired.

As members of the Bureau, President Anderson of the N. F. S. D. has appointed Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, of Duluth, and President Cloud of the N. A. D. has selected Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, of New York. Both presidents have agreed upon Mr. A. L. Roberts, of Chicago, to represent both organizations.

It is hoped that this Bureau may be of service to the members of the two bodies. It will endeavor to investigate all investments brought to its attention, and to safeguard members against fraudulent and unsound securities.

The services of the Bureau of investigation may be obtained by addressing any one of the three members:

JAY COOK HOWARD,
Providence Bldg., Duluth, Minn.
SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,
18 W. 107th St., New York, N. Y.
A. L. ROBERTS, Suite 905,
130 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

Shang Ming, *The Life*, is a Chinese weekly newspaper which recently made its first appearance in Chicago. Only two other Chinese newspapers are published in America, one in New York City and one in San Francisco. Only four thousand characters are used, instead of the entire 40,000.

CHICAGO.

"Oh, Flickville must be Heaven
'Cause the frat-folk cluster there,"
I see the our country cousins
Ever gushingly declare.
They think the sun in splendor beams
Our nights are novel, days are dreams:
Alas! all is not gold that gleams,
'Tis not, I do declare.

Yet they think Flickville is heaven
'Cause frat-folk are flocking there.

"Flickville" seems doomed!

The begira has already begun.

"Flickville's" leading citizen—

Francis P. Gibson, the greatest deaf

man alive, after 17 years residence

on the South Side, has removed to a

suburb in the North, thereby irrevocably

sealing the doom of an already

doomed community.

What is undoubtedly the greatest

single colony of brainy deaf "doers"

in the world will likely scatter to

the four winds in the next three

years at the most. Within three

blocks radius of the Silent Athletic

Club—the world's finest clubhouse

for the deaf, valued at fully \$50,-

000—were clustered dozens of fami-

lies, many of them known in silent

circles from coast to coast. To name

a few: Flick, Rowse, Roberts,

Craig, Gibson, Barrow, Newman,

Leiter, Smith, Meagher, Kemp,

Kingdon, and that brilliant young

luminary—John D. Sullivan. Not

to mention a number of other nice

people whose names would not com-

mand attention as instantaneous

readers far away. Some colony for

a three block radius, isn't it?

Not even Akron can compare to

it in quantity or quality. Nor Los

Angeles. Nor Seattle in its heyday

Nor New York with its widely-seat-

tered coterie of great men and fair

women.

The first inhabitants of present-

day "Flickville" were Dr. and

Mrs. George T. Dougherty, back in

1890, who with the late Oscar

Regensburg founded the present Wash-

ington Park tennis club. The

Doughertys moved away for a while,

returned in 1895, and until a year

ago have lived close around "Flick-

ville" ever since.

The oldest continuous present re-

sidents are the Ernest Wellington

Craigs, who settled in 1902, just

after leaving college twenty years

ago. Next came the Gibsons, 17

years. The Flicks 14 years.

But "Flickville" is doomed.

There are several causes. One is

the gradual, irresistible, damnable

onward sweep of colored folks, now

close up to 55th Avenue. Certain

narrow-minded individuals also

claim the Sac locality ought to be

known as "New Jerusalem," but

this is a dastardly slam at earnest

workers in silent circles. The Sac

would have been dead and buried

long ago, had it not been for the red-

hot zeal and untiring endeavors of

the Hebrew Societies.

Then there are the rent robbers.

The only difference between Jesse

James and Flickville landlords, is

Jesse James had a horse.

Four to seven room unfurnished

flats, that four or five years ago

had the same rentals as your modest

abodes in Polunk, Pickleburgh and

Pikertown—\$20 to \$35 a month—

now command between \$65 and \$115

in Flickville. And pretty nearly

everywhere else in the great, big,

beautiful, sin-free city of Chicago.

Imagine a man on a salary of \$175

a month having to pay \$90 of it for

rent of a four-room flat. Only \$85

left for food, dress, insurance,

movies, and burial expenses.

If you do not like it, get out.

Try and find a cheaper place.

Yes; just try it. Do.

With wages and everything al-

leged to be "coming down to nor-

mal," rents have increased by leaps

and bounds to unreasonable, out-

rageous degrees.

Want a roomer to help you out?

Try and get a good, dependable

roomer. Try it. You may, if you

are in luck. But so many un-

derable characters have been drawn

by the lure of the world's finest silent

clubhouse, so many deaf "gentle-

men without visible means of sup-

port" hang around the premises,

that taking transients from other

cities is not very highly desired

hereabouts.

Gentle, patient, long-suffering

Gibson and his clan—consisting of

son, wife, her mother and brother—

stand it no longer. The brother

had somehow saved enough to buy

a home out in Evanston—the first

suburb to the North of Chicago's

city limits. So they beat it. The

Landlord's Union has had sleepless

nights ever since, wondering how

they ever had such crass carelessness

as to allow the the Gibson clan to

accumulate even even enough for a

doughtnut and a newspaper.

Among others who have moved

lately are the Hagemeysers, Leiters,

Glenn Smith, and even H. F. Gott—

sometimes known as the "King of

Card Peddlers." If even he can't

stomach the greedy rent-hogs, who

can?

Practically every remaining resi-

dent of Flickville is openly or se-

cretely keeping an eye open for a

piece of ground to build on, or

wondering if he can get a good job

"Back home in Gawd's country."

And the joke of it is the folks

back home are probably envying

the Flickvillians. Saving money,

they yet opine, "Gosh, it must be

heaven to live in Flickville."

A year ago this pioneer Dough-

erty bought a home and moved

away. Now the next longest lived,

the Craigs, have bought a suburban

lot to build on.

And so "Flickville" is doomed.

Another bubble busted.

A child may cry over a broken

toy, after licking the paint off.

But that don't mend the toy. And

it don't keep him from crawling as

avidly after another new toy.

So we watch and wait.

As Mrs. Leiter put it: "Those

renting agencies are so stung,

greedy and grasping they would not

even give you the time if you asked

what time it is."

A third—and most important

cause—may be found in the singular

prevercity of human nature.

Living afar, we day-dream and

imagine heaven-on-earth would be a

colony of our kind, embracing the

bravest, cleverest and fairest deaf

men and women extant. We dream

so; and imagine going through deli-

cious days of neighborly visits, with

never a word spoken in anger, never

a cloud to mar the blissful serenity

of our lives. At least I did when a

teacher out in the tall timber on the

Pacific Coast. "Chicago must be

heaven 'cause the frat folks cluster

there."

Alas, and alas, alak-a-day!

Like so many other pipe-dreams,

this proved a bubble yet to be bust-

ed.

The truth is, we deaf are just like

bearing people. Let us neighborize

long enough and petty jealousies

and disagreements develop, grow,

and become deep seated grudges.

"Forty years old."

The Pas-a-Pas Club, incorporated,

which claims to be the oldest exist-

ing organization for deaf in America

(oldest independent organization,

not connected with a church), will

celebrate its 40th birthday with a

grand banquet June 17th.

John Dearborn, Van Buren and

LaSalle—right next to the New

York Central station Big feed

only \$1 per plate. Everybody

welcome except peddlers of A-B-C

cards.

Honest; only \$1.

Thanks to the patron saint of

epicures, we finally find an honest

committee chairman. John E. Pur-

dum (may his tribe increase) posed

around until he found a high class

hostelry with a high-class menu, at

a low-class cost. The management

offered him the customary commis-

sion given to "chairmen" who

arrange to lead their lamb-flock to

the slaughter—to be sandbagged \$2

or \$3 for 47c worth of victuals and

24c worth of flowers. (You know

how it is; oh, yes you do. And

didn't it make you sore?)

"Commission," said Purdum.

"Slip it in the menu, and give us

our slippery ellum straight."

So June 17—everybody welcome

at \$1 per head, no graft or extra—

several hundred silents will see a

banquet that is a banquet. Thanks

to Parson Purdum of the Pas.

As the state school in Jackson-

ville closes June 10, and Gallaudet

college on the 14th, several students

from each educational institution

are expected at the banquet.

The last picnic of the coming

summer will be the Frat division

affair September 10th. Monday

evening, May 29th, Secretary Glenn

Smith manages a shirtwaist dance

and party of the Frats, in the Sac.

The big annual

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

XAVIER ALLIED NOTES

Success crowned the Mission given all last week at St. Francis Xavier's Church, under Xavier Ephphatha Society auspices. The Missioner, Rev. Michael J. Purtell, S. J., of Loyola University, Baltimore, as stated in this column a year ago, with the approval of his superiors, has been assigned as General Missionary to the Deaf. His reception by local Ephphethans on Sunday, May 14th, was most cordial, fully six hundred of the deaf from all around the Greater City attending the opening exercises.

Though in his sign delivery Father Purtell is quite proficient, like many other speakers among the hearing, his eagerness to keep up with his subjects results in a hurried spelling, and the consequent dropping of letters. An instance at the opening was the omission of two vowels in the name "Solomon." This may have been accounted for from a possible nervousness before a New York audience of the deaf, and while our intent is for the improvement of both Father Purtell and other Catholic clergy addressing the deaf, the fault has been noted before, and the correction means a vast increase on the part of the silent auditors.

In a nutshell, the topics of his sermons dealt with the old but ever new reminder of the lessons the Catholic Catechism contains—"To know, love and serve God, to keep His Commandments and the Commandments of His Church." The attendance throughout the week varied little from the 300 mark. At the closing on last Sunday, the Papal blessing was bestowed, followed by Solemn Benediction. Then, with the Rev. Missioner in center, alongside our own pastor, smiling Father Dalton, the Ephphethans lined up in front of good old Xavier College for a panoramic group photo.

Following his New York visit, Father Purtell will give a Mission in Trenton, N. J., and later may be called to Philadelphia, Chicago and other Western cities.

In the arrangements everything moved on Easy Street, under the direction of President Cosgrove and Joseph Graham, John O'Donnell, James Lonergan, Jerry Fives and Thomas O'Neill, as ushers extraordinary.

The looming up of the "Casey" emblem was notable on the male side. Father Dalton is a third degree member of Xavier Council. The deaf sporting the insignia were Harry Powell, Austin Fogarty, "Bob" McGinnis, John Morello, Henry Goebel, John F. O'Brien, and Frank Lamberson, who is a Buddy.

"Early" was the watchword of President Syl. Fogarty, of Brooklyn branch, De l'Epee Society, throughout the week. His early arrival was followed by a hasty exit, to catch the Flushing, L. I. Express.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.

On Wednesday evening, May 16th, Mr. A. V. Ballin delivered a lecture at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League: "Art and Poetry in Signs." About one hundred were present.

At the last regular meeting, held on the 11th, Mr. Abraham Barr was elected Second Vice-President, in place of Mr. Hyman Gordon, who resigned on account of having been transferred to night work.

And Mr. Charles Golden resigned as Secretary, as he was unable to give due attention to his duties, having other business to attend. The President appointed Mr. Samuel Lowenthal Secretary *pro term*, but at the next meeting in June a new secretary will be elected.

The Athletic Committee, who have charge of the Outing and Games at Ulmer Park on June 17th, have now arranged for everything, including purchasing the medals, cup, and other sundry trifles that must be looked after. The cup and medals are very nice, and a big entry is expected in consequence. The ball game will be between the Newark Frats and the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

On the 21st the Deaf-Mutes' Union League Base Ball team played their first game, and won against the H. A. D. team by a score of 6 to 3.

On Tuesday evening, May 30th, the May party at the League's rooms will be crowded according to reports of the committee who have the affair in charge. Tickets are limited, and those who have secured them are lucky. After this affair there will not be any public functions till next Fall.

Henry W. Hester, the noted Jersey surf-fisherman, took a party of his friends to Babylon, Long Island, and stayed over there Saturday night, prepared for a day of flound-

er fishing at the Great South Bay, on a private motor boat. The party were: Messrs. Edward Doenges, Lawrence Timer, Charles Schatzkin, Harry Gillen, Osmond Loew, Pierson Radcliffe and Henry W. Hester. When the motor boat reached the fishing ground, Lawrence Timer, who is supposed to be a champion flounder fisherman, was the first one to catch two flounders at a time. He caught more flounders than any of the others. Osmond Loew almost outfished him, but Lawrence continued his catching every minute, and finally he outfished Loew by about one hundred flounders.

Osmond Loew was the most lazy fisherman, because when he caught a flounder he let the captain of the motor boat take it off the hook. The most enjoyable time Harry Gillen had was a nice nap on the deck of the boat, and he let the sun shine on his face, and was surely sunburned. After his nap, Harry got busy, fishing and catching many flounders, but couldn't beat Timer's record.

Edward Doenges was pleased to go out fishing for the first time, and enjoyed himself very much. Radcliffe, who was out of practice, used his heavy fishing-rod in expectation of catching big species, but he caught more blow-fishes than the rest of the party. He ought to learn how to hook a big blow-fish at the aquarium.

Charles Schatzkin tried out his new "neptune" reel and he is satisfied with it, as it worked smoothly.

Henry W. Hester will organize another party, for fluke and black-fish fishing, next month at the same place.

The Whist Party of the Clark Athletic Club, held at the Guild Room of St. Ann's, on Saturday, May 20th, drew a good house.

Twenty-five or more tables were occupied with contestants for cash prizes, while groups of six, eight and ten filled the cozy corners and made merry with general banter and conversation.

President Friedwald was kept busy looking after the welfare of the patrons, while Fred Haberstroh and Louis Blumenthal managed the game. Miss Florence Lewis was in the box office selling tickets and making proper change.

The prize winners were: Gentlemen—1st prize, Julius Rathheim; 2d, Max Hoffman; 3d, Emanuel Kerner; booby, Moses Blaowitz.

Ladies—1st prize, Mrs. Abe Solomon; 2d, Mrs. Kury; 3d, Mrs. Ludwig Fischer; booby prize, Miss Katie Ehrlich.

Dancing followed the prize awards, and a little before midnight all had departed for their several homes.

On Tuesday evening, May 16th, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner entertained a party of friends in honor of Miss Margaret G. Sherman and Mr. Harry B. Gillen, whose betrothal was recently announced. It was also in the nature of a "Bon Voyage" to Miss Eleanor E. Sherman, who leaves for Europe on June 3d.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Kenner and the guests of honor, those comprising the merry bunch included Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Gledhill, who journeyed all the way down from Yonkers, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nimmo from the wilds of Jersey, to Dr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Nies, Mr. Charles Schatzkin and Mrs. Anna Seyd. Unavoidably absent, but present in spirit, were Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Loew and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann.

H. A. D. NOTES.

Rev. A. J. Amateau gave a rattling good sermon on "Reputation," at the Friday evening services, May 19th.

This Friday, the 26th, Mr. Marcus L. Kenner will be the speaker.

The Confirmation Exercises of the S. W. J. D. Religious Class, composed of Jewish pupils of Fanwood, was held last Sunday afternoon, May 21st, before a large audience of parents, friends and well-wishers. A feature of the program was the presentation of a fine Bible to the S. W. J. D., expressive of the appreciation of the Fanwood boys and girls.

Ivan Heymansou, of Detroit, was in New York City for several days last week, called to the deathbed of his mother. She was unconscious when he arrived, and died on Friday, May 19th, at fifteen minutes past four in the afternoon. He stayed with his father and sister, who live at 163d Street, near Broadway, and took the opportunity to call at the JOURNAL office. Mr. Heymansou is one of Detroit's live wires, and the writer regrets that his sad mission precluded anything in the way of social entertainment.

Friends will be sorry to learn of the sickness of Gilbert Hicks, of Westbury, L. I. He is one of Fanwood's oldest graduates and is an octogenarian. He has been confined to his bed for three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Barnes were taken in the Hicks auto to see him on Friday, May 19th. Mr. Barnes was his classmate at the New York Institution.

Mrs. Bert Wortman, of Cincinnati, O., is in New York, stopping with sister, Mrs. Ringling, wife of the famous circus owner. She spent Sunday with her old time classmates, Mrs. Ardine Rembeck, and they visited the club rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

Max Cohen was in New York last week, on account of sickness in his family. He returned to St. Paul, Minn., on Monday, May 22d, where he is employed at printing and earns big pay. He did not forget to visit his Alma Mater, Fanwood.

A free Social and Games will be held at St. Mark's Chapel, 230 Adelphi at Brooklyn, Saturday, May 27th. Welcome to all. Come and bring your friends. A jolly good time is expected.

Allen Hitchcock recently went to Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pa., and Vineland, N. Y., on a business trip for the firm with which he is employed.

Gustaf H. Johnson, of Rockford, Ill., has joined the Illinois Association of the Deaf, and also the National Association of the Deaf.

Charles H. Cooper was in the city last week and attended the afternoon service at St. Ann's Church on Sunday, May 21st.

PITTSBURGH.

The Pittsburgh Division, No. 36, N. F. S. D., assembled, May 6th, as a regular meeting. Only business matters were brought up, but that showed the division still on the upward trend—new members still coming in.

Visitors at the "Frat" meeting were Mr. Louis Poshusta, of Iowa, and Mr. Herman H. Kohin, of Illinois. Mr. Kohin returned to Akron in hopes of picking up a job, since this field did not afford him any. Mr. Poshusta, a bricklayer, is still here having secured a good position at his trade.

The printers' strike of a year's duration is at an end at last, and those of our printer-boys who have been idle returned to work on favorable terms it is said. We feel like congratulating those of our boys who would rather work than loaf, and that includes the whole lot of them.

Mrs. Archibald Woodside returned, May 6th, from St. Louis, where she had spent several months with her son. While she liked St. Louis, she was rather glad to get back to "dear old Pittsburgh" and the numerous friends she has here.

The P. S. D. Branch had a meeting, May 13th. The feature of the meeting was "Illustrated Fashions" by Miss Helen Solomon, a thirteen-year-old girl introduced by Mrs. Ritchie. The cartoons produced by Miss Solomon were well and rapidly executed and proved highly entertaining and amusing, being mostly comic in character.

The gathering was further entertained by remarks by Mrs. Ritchie, and she promised to have a good lecturer for us whenever we needed an entertaining or instructive talk.

Remarks were also made by Mr. H. Bardes on "Labor in France," by Mr. J. L. Friend on "Liars," Mr. S. Nichols on "The Auto Law," Mr. F. A. Leitner on "Hard of Hearing, or the Deafened." All these talks were interesting, and as there was a fair sized audience present, the receipts were \$9.50 and no expenses.

Mr. Samuel Davidson and his daughter were guests at the meeting and their friends, and there are many, were glad to see them.

It was decided at this meeting to arrange for a strawberry festival for the June 10th meeting, including talks on the "Flag."

The visitors at the Edgewood School, May 14, include Mr. and Mrs. James Schoch (Leone Beigley), of Oil City; Mr. Alexander Shoup, Theresa Schoch, and Orel Davis of Franklin; Miss Mildred Brown and sister of Hazelwood, and Harold Smith. It was a pleasure to many connected with the school to see those from a distance, for their visits are rare. Hope they will all come again.

Rev. F. C. Smielan held services here recently and brought the information that the date next P. S. A. D. meeting was Sept. 1, 2, 3. To us at this end of the State, that seems an unfortunate date, for the date of the Alumni reunion of the Edgewood School is the same—Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4. This date was announced a long time ago. There are a good many who would like to take in both meetings.

The mother of Mrs. J. M. Rolshouse, Mrs. E. Chats, of Reading, passed to her reward May 16th. Mrs. Rolshouse had been called to Reading a few days before and was at her mother's bedside when the summons came. She died of pneumonia after months of physical decline. Mr. Rolshouse went to Reading Tuesday evening. Mrs. Rolshouse has the sympathy of many friends about Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Manning, mother of Superintendent Manning, is now visiting him, very much to his satisfaction. Mrs. Manning lives near Atlanta, Georgia, and made the trip to Pittsburgh alone, arriving safely on the 17th, which was a cause for rejoicing by the son.

G. M. T.

LOS ANGELES.

One of the organizations here which is little known to fame is the Los Angeles Branch of the N. A. D., which was organized in April, 1921, with a membership of sixteen. Meetings are held quarterly in one of the halls of the Walker Auditorium, on Grand Ave. The officers are: President, Melville J. Matheis; Vice-President, Ernest Bingham; Secretary, Mrs. Bingham; Treasurer, Norman V. Lewis. The meetings are well attended. The last meeting was on March 30th. Mr. Dudley, Chairman of the Committee on legislation, gave his report regarding Legislation unfavorable to deaf to refrain from sign talking while driving autos. Mrs. W. F. Schneider, Chairman of the Committee on Membership, gave her report.

The Branch now has seventy members. Surely a remarkable growth in just one year.

The first purely social meeting will be held some time in June. This is the only N. A. D. Branch in California. Where will the next one be organized?

A large audience assembled at St. John's Parish House, the evening of April 26th, the occasion being a reading by Miss Bessie Reaves, the talented daughter of deaf parents.

An admission fee of fifteen cents was asked for the benefit of the Episcopal Ephphatha Mission Fund. The rector of St. John's, Rev. George Davidson, was present for a while and gave a short talk, interpreted by Miss Reaves, and offered the deaf the use of the church whenever they needed it, which was received with applause. Miss Reaves is a student and lover of Shakespeare, which trait she said she owes to her father. Some weeks ago she gave "Macbeth" at the Sunnyside Club. For this evening she had chosen "The Taming of the Shrew," and interpreted the many amusing scenes in a masterly manner. She is a wonderful sign-maker and puts much dramatic fervor into her reading. Miss Reaves is a teacher in the Los Angeles Public Schools. With her church and club affiliations she is a busy woman, yet she does not show any diminution in her ability to use signs. May her tribe increase!

The Sunshine Circle, an organization of deaf ladies of Los Angeles, held its regular meeting the afternoon on May 4th, at the Congregational Church, near the corner of Hope and West Ninth Streets. Meetings are held here the first Thursday afternoon of each month. This is an undenominational society devoted to charity. It was first organized nine years ago by a little band of nine ladies. There are now about sixty members. Many isolated cases of want and sickness among the deaf have been relieved by this society. Mrs. Norman V. Lewis is the President and Mrs. Ernest Bingham, the Secretary. Deaf ladies visiting in the city are welcome to attend these meetings.

A party of fourteen ladies were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Arthur Nolen on April 25th. After luncheon at 1 o'clock they spent the afternoon playing "500," the prize going to Mrs. Morton Sonneborn. About sixteen of Mrs. Saxton Gilmore's friends surprised her on her birthday this month. After she had recovered from her pleasant surprise, and the fact that it was her birthday, the crowd settled down to playing "500." There were four tables and the games were lively. Prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. David Brown and Mr. Frank Burson. Then every one settled down for a social chat and to enjoy the refreshments. Mrs. Gilmore received several lovely presents.

A pleasant little luncheon was given recently by Miss Cora E. Coe at her apartment. Her guests were Mrs. Margaret K. Keut and Mrs. John W. Barrett. An interesting fact about this affair was that all three ladies, at different times, had been teachers at Iowa School for the Deaf. Another ex-teacher of the same school, Mrs. A. Hardie, is also living here.

A newcomer here is struck by the large number of deaf people who have moved here from other states. There seem to be very few native Californians. But among these few is Mr. Leslie Ross, a native San Franciscan and a graduate of Berkeley some six years ago. The part week was "The Call of Open Road Week."

This handsome and genial young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Ross, are the owners of a Dodge car, and they invited Mr. and Mrs. John W. Barrett to spend Sunday, May 7th, with them answering "the Call." Leaving the home of the latter at 10 A.M., they were soon on the way to Hollywood. They passed the Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford studios. On the lot they could see the old English castle which is probably being used by Fairbanks in his new picture, "Robin Hood." A brief stop was made at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Terry, and then on to one of the show places of Hollywood, the residence of two bachelor brothers, which is a copy of a Japanese house. The house itself, perched on the top of a high hill, is surrounded by wonder-

ful gardens, everything to the smallest detail being carried out in Japanese style. \$3,000,000 have been expended on this place by these brothers, who are Americans.

It was only about two years ago, at the request of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, that the grounds were opened to the public. From this point of vantage there was a wonderful view of Hollywood and its environs. Leaving these enchanting gardens we went on to Sawtelle, passing a famous ranch, the Doheny Ranch. At Sawtelle we drove through the extensive grounds of the Soldiers' Home, passing the dining hall a little after one o'clock. As the old soldiers had just come from dinner, we saw many of the khaki-clad old fighters on the walks and porches. Later we passed some more hiking on the road outside. We felt thankful that these brave soldiers are spending their last days in peace and comfort. Now there came an invigorating breeze and we caught sight of the ocean. The road for a time ran parallel to the beach, and soon we reached Santa Monica. Here a stop was made for dinner, for which all had a good appetite. Mr. and Mrs. Ross conferred as to where we should go next, and finding we had never seen the Spanish bungalow home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hammond, in a Los Angeles suburb, they decided to take us there.

I do not know how many thousands of other autos we passed that day, all answering "the call of the open road." The endless miles of paved roads make autoing such a pleasure in California. This is one of the pleasures of life the deaf can enjoy as much as the hearing, yet those who want to deprive them of it are increasing in numbers.

The Hammonds were found at home, also Mr. and Mrs. Hawviorst, who have been renting part of the house the past winter. There were two callers there, Mrs. Hultene and Miss Krasne. After awhile another auto drove up, driven by Mr. Melville Matheis. With him were his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Price and Mrs. Herbert Ellis. So here were fifteen people met by chance, including two JOURNAL reporters. (I wonder which of us makes a scoop.) This seems a fitting place to leave the party, all comfortably ensconced in the big living room of a Spanish bungalow!

A. K. B.

PORTLAND, OREGON

In honor of the 9th anniversary of the Portland Division, No. 41, of the N. F. S. D., a banquet will be held in the Crystal room of the Benson Hotel on Saturday evening, June 10th. The charge will be \$1.50 per plate. Some good speaking and singing is on the program. The Frats and all their friends are welcome. Tickets will be on sale by Messrs. Linde, Craven, Nelson, and Hunter, from May 15th to June 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. Linde with the Cravens journeyed to Salem to visit the Lindstroms, April 30th, and had a delightful visit. They returned to Portland late the same evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Spieler with their guest, Mrs. Ruby Wham, took dinner with Mrs. Deligio May 7th. After dinner Mr. Spieler took kodak pictures, and for an amateur is a very successful photographer.

Almost a party gathered at Mrs. J. O. Reichle's home Friday evening, May 5th. Friends happening in that evening were Mrs. Effie Gerde, Miss Helen Moller, Master Oadick Gerde, Mr. Willie Seaman, Mr. Arthur Eden, Miss Ruth Eden, and Mrs. Deligio. Mr. Greenwald, being a boarder, was also present, and Mr. Reichle found time to leave off repairing his fence to chat for a few moments and play a game of Finch.

The "almost party" broke up at 10 P.M., the visitors voting they had almost as much fun as a real party.

The brother of Mrs. J. Jorg passed away Sunday, May 7th, at his home in Camas, Wash. This is the first break in Mrs. Jorg's family for years, and we hope it is many more years before she will suffer another sad bereavement.

Mrs. M. Bennick, who is a lover of animals, was greatly distressed when she saw a man on horseback collide with an auto. However neither man or horse were seriously hurt. Mrs. Deligio told her she would be glad to give her the reporting job, for the only incident the writer has seen since writing the last issue, is the scraping off of some paint from the street car she was riding. For a moment it looked like the auto truck was going to push the car over; but no luck, so the incident is hardly worth recording.

Word was received from Mrs. M. G. Giffen that her husband passed away April 27th. They were both popular visitors in Portland last fall and winter. Mr. Giffen returned to Wyoming before his wife to undergo an operation. The friends of the pair were saddened and surprised to hear of his death, for they all believed the operation would prove successful.

Mr. John Skoglund, of Spokane, Washington, came down to Portland last week to visit some of his old friends.

Mrs. J. B. Scanlan and Mrs. D. H. Ballard, mother and grand-

mother of Mrs. Mabel Scanlan Linde, are visiting Mrs. Linde for a few weeks on their way home to Everett, Washington. They have been spending the winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Delanoy, who have been happily married for twenty-five years, were given a surprise party by their friends, Saturday evening, May 13th. Mrs. Delanoy received a set of silver tableware, a bread tray, box of candy, and cards from her friends and relatives. The guests furnished the lunch. The most amusing feature of the evening was Mr. Delanoy's story of his meeting and courting of Mrs. Delanoy.

Mr. Root of Seattle thinks Mr. C. H. Linde has made Portland lose her chance in getting the Frat Convention for many more years. Still the writer is willing to bet that Portland will have an equal chance with Seattle in getting the Convention. Personally all the writer cares about is that it can be held some place in the west, where the fare doesn't exceed her purse. Of course a Portland convention would prove best, for she could live peacefully at home, and being a mere female wouldn't have to worry over the entertaining of the visiting men. But if it ever does come to Portland, she hardly believes she can sit still and fold her hands. No, she hopes to be in the midst of it all, and will probably furnish a few rooms to the visitors if the city is crowded. Dear me, Mr. Root, another quarter of the column is going for nonsense. Pardon me. I hope we meet some day, without a hammer trying to pound each other's head. Thanks for helping me find some way to fill up more space. News is hard to get this week.

Church attendance is picking up. About fifteen or more attended the Mother's Day Service at the Church for the Strangers.

Mr. Dana Acuff is back in Portland on another visit. He is again boarding with the Reichles.

Mrs. Deligio is looking for a deaf man or woman to teach her how to drive her Ford. Her brother has kindly told her what a bum mechanic and auto driver she is, and refuses to teach her longer. "Get a deaf man who can sign to you," says he. Seeing that he takes out his girl evenings, and that the deaf men work during the daytime, there is not much use of writing this HELP WANTED paragraph.

Mrs. Claire Reeves entertained the S. F. L. Club on her farm May 10th. Seventeen members braved the long journey to the outskirts of Vancouver, and were rewarded with a bountiful repast. After lunch three games were played and the fines turned into the Club funds. A few words more: Don't forget the banquet June 10th.

G. L. D.

A POLITE REJOINDER.

In the May 4th issue of the JOURNAL, Mr. W. S. Root of Seattle certainly made a great stroke of sarcasm in reply to my "most astonishing" open letter, and it appears he didn't appreciate my right to defend Portland and its delegate to the Atlanta convention. If he meant by his nice words "Portland's weakness," that it was the cost of travel to Portland which defeated the hopes of landing a convention, he was correct in declaring me a booster of that particular weakness. I'll say that the general tone of his reply struck me as being childish, and it hadn't any weight with us, for he seemed not to know what he was saying. Moreover, I don't think that his views accorded with those of the Seattle delegate to Atlanta, for whom I have a high personal regard.

I suggest that it would have been much better for his mental health if all he does is (to quote his own words from his Seattle correspondence) "looking after a busy printing office during the day and two small boys at night."

May Denver be rewarded in its efforts to land the 1927 convention!

C. C. LINDE.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. D. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 3100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 1:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Other places by appointment.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 323 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday of each month, 8:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

May 20th, 1922.—With the close of the term June 14th, the school and the state also will close the service of an experienced teacher, in the person of Rev. Utten Read, who has taught here since 1918, having previously been engaged in like work in the Indiana School. Since coming to Ohio, he interested himself in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Deaf of Cincinnati, Ohio, holding services each Sabbath until last fall. Since then he has gone down to preach several times. By his withdrawal from the school and from the state, he severs his connection with the church work, therefore about June 16th, he with his family will move to Florida and take up his residence at Long Branch, Clay Co.

This is a new town, one year old. It is thirty miles south of Jacksonville and seven miles west of Green Cove Springs, the county seat of Clay county. It is an agricultural community built up by the Florida Farms and Industrial Company, of ready built farms of twenty acres each, with a five-room bungalow, a barn, well, and wire fence around the farm. All the stumps have been removed and the farms have been cultivated two years before they are sold.

The ready built farms of twenty acres now sell for \$4 200. There is a large cannery factory in the town that utilizes all the vegetables that are not sold to the northern markets.

There is a brick road connecting Long Branch with Green Cove Springs, and it connects with the Dixie Highway to all the Winter resorts.

The Florida Farms and Industrial owns 147,000 acres of land and runs a railroad connecting the Eastern and Western trunk lines.

The reasons Rev. Read resigns are that the salary received as a teacher is not sufficient to keep himself and family and lay by something for old age. He has already crossed the meridian in years, and under the Ohio Pension law he would have to keep in harness till he reached the age of seventy, and then would not have taught in the State 35 years, as the years he taught in the Indiana School are not counted. The second reason is the health of Mrs. Read, which is not of the best, and a change of climate might prove beneficial.

Rev. Read regrets that these circumstances compel him to change his work, for he is greatly interested in teaching the deaf and were the compensation sufficient to provide for old age he would not have taken this step.

His oldest son graduates from the High School here June 15, and the next day the trip to the South begins.

Rev. Read's post office address will then be: Green Cove Springs, Route A, Florida.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moore Bard was admitted to the Home the latter part of last week. She is over threescore and ten years old.

Harley W. Dille and wife have moved from Akron, Ohio, to Los Angeles, California, where Mr. Dille has secured work with the Goodyear Rubber and Tire Co. there. One of his brothers is employed by the plant as foreman of the Pit room. Mrs. Dille has been in Los Angeles the past two years, having moved there from Pennsylvania for the benefit of his health.

There was a meeting of the Board of Control, which has charge of all the financial affairs of the institutions of the state and the teachers of the school, Tuesday afternoon, to discuss an increase of salary to the latter. There is a large fund for increasing the pay of all state institution employees and distributed would add from \$5 to \$20 a month to the pay of each. A number of the teachers argued why they should be better remunerated financially, because of the high cost of living here and other reasons. What effect the meeting will have remains to be seen.

The salaries of the teachers are much less than those paid to public school teachers of the city. Even the employees of the state bindery are given better. We do not begrudge the latter for what the state gives them, but do think that teachers and institution employees are not given what they should be and what they justly deserve from the rich state of Ohio. No wonder it is difficult to secure competent teachers when the state is unwilling to appreciate their services by a just compensation for their labors.

Mr. L. B. Housen, of Middletown, is in the hospital there, having parted company with his appendix. He is getting along without the member and expects soon to be back at his linotype machine.

Mr. Arthur L. Houdyshell, teacher in the Indianapolis School, will conduct services through the summer at Wesley chapel every Sunday afternoon. Services begin at 3:00 P.M. and the deaf are welcome to come.

A. B. G.

MAY PARTY



Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THEIR ROOMS
143 WEST 125TH STREET

Tuesday Evening, May 30, 1922
At 8 o'clock.

Admission 35 Cents

COME ONE! COME ALL STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

New Games Fine Prizes
under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf
to be held at

ST. MARKS' PARISH HOUSE
625 Bushwick Ave.

One block from Broadway and Myrtle
BROOKLYN

Saturday Evening, June 24, 1922
at 8 o'clock

Admission, 35 Cents
(Including Refreshments)

MISS EDNA MERKLE, Chairlady.

ANNOUNCEMENT THE MARLBOROUGH TAILORS

(Deaf-Mutes)
51 West 35th St., New York City
Telephone Fitz Roy 3708

beg to announce to its many patrons
that it has added a complete line of
ready-to-wear Men's and Young
Men's Suits, in a variety of styles
and fabrics, at prices that will com-
bat the high cost of clothing.

Suits—From \$20 to \$45.
Genuine Palm Beach Suits—From
\$15 Up

Silk Mohair Suits—From \$20 Up.
Also Fine Custom Tailoring—From
\$40 Up. Fit and workmanship
guaranteed.

PATRONIZE THE DEAF AND RE-
CEIVE THE BEST ATTENTION.

MARLBOROUGH CLOTHES

Save you \$5.00 and \$10.00
One flight up.

AN INVITATION TO The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

TO MEET IN DENVER
IN 1927

Read what Grand Secretary Gibson said
in *The Frat* of May, 1918, on his visit to
Denver, after an auto trip around the Look-
out Mountain—

"... The scenery? Well, the delighted
and enthralled visitor said what he thought
of it, but to write it is a task beyond him—
all the adjectives in his lexicon would be
needed and the tale would be long. He can
only say here that he hopes every one of his
fraternal friends will some day have the opportunity
to see it for themselves."

So, remember Denver, 1927.

SE-
CU-
RI-
TY

SATISFACTION

Member of
National Association of the Deaf
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
New England Gallaudet Association
Correspondent of
Lee, Higginson & Company

PROTEAN SOCIETY
REUNION

— AT —

St. Ann's Guild Room

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, June 24, 1922

Proteans of past years, also Honorary mem-
bers, please send names and addresses
to Secretary for further particulars.

EWIL MULFELDT, Sec'y.,
99 Fort Washington Avenue,
New York City

RESERVED FOR THE N. A. D.

ARMISTICE DAY

Saturday Eve., Nov. 11, 1922

[Particulars Later.]

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

MANHATTAN (N. Y.) DIV. No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

MASQUERADE BALL

Saturday Evening, November 25, 1922

Particulars Later

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR THE

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

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